

The Infested

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Summary: How Tom finally ends it all

The Infested

> <meta name="Generator"> He is lying there, sleeping. Such an innocent face... I envy him. Jake never knew pain. Sure he's probably gone through normal stuff: Crushes, failed tests, getting cut out of basketball... But never anything real.

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A/n: A little short for my taste but hey, what can you do?

He is lying there, sleeping. Such an innocent face... I envy him. Jake has never known pain. Sure he's probably gone through normal stuff: Crushes, failed tests, getting cut out of basketball... But never anything real.

I hope he never does.

Funny how much I've changed, I guess being trapped helpless in a corner of your own mind screaming, begging for mercy... Wanting to tell your family and friends how much you love them... Well, it gives you time to think, to grow wiser.

It all started with Mindy. God, I thought I was in love with her, couldn't get her out of my head. I must have followed her around like a love struck puppy and when she became my girlfriend... I was in heaven.

But it was quick to become a living hell.

I got jealous, paranoid. I thought that she was seeing another guy. I was such a fool. So I followed her to a secret meeting of a club she had joined called the Sharing. Then I saw and found out who and what

the Sharing really was about.

They saw me... Or rather heard me... It was impossible not to hear my scream as Visser 3 morphed not ten feet away from my hiding place. I was dragged down the pool And do you know what I thought?! I thought they were going to drown me. Drowning would have been welcome.

I thought I knew pain. But I was about to experience the real thing.

He took over my mind, my own body. Tramrash... I will hate that name forever. He used to spend hours, taunting me, enjoying my helplessness with sick pleasure.

I stopped caring about myself. I was no longer in control, could no longer move or talk. So I turned my sights onto Jake, my brother. He was still so, so innocent... I would have died to keep him from the pain that I have come to know.

Eventually Tramrash moved onto a bigger and better host and I was taken by a new Yeerk. A young hotshot who wanted to become a great war hero, the Yeerk who helped enslave the humans.

He too would taunt me, talk about enslaving Jake... He tried so often to get my little brother to join the sharing. But Jake's a smart kid, I'm so proud of him. He'd refuse, say he had more important things to do.

Eventually weeks and months became a blur... Time didn't have an importance to me anymore. Nothing really did.

A week ago my Yeerk got sick. I didn't know that they got sick before but I guess they did, what with all that host changing and swimming in the same pool and all. My Yeerk thought it was just the flu, that he'd be fine... Then he started to lose it.

He died in my head... Not an hour ago. I've been free for the last hour...

Last hour.

Yes, this would be my last hour. They'd find me, the other Yeerks. They'd suspected that my Yeerk was sick and as soon as he doesn't show up for duty...

They'll take me again, then take my parents and Jake....

I couldn't let that happen.

I took another look at my kid brother, the midget. Then I set out for the kitchen. Inside a cabinet was a butcher knife. I remembered how my parents always told Jake and I never to use it when we were little. They were afraid of us hurting ourselves or each other.

How ironic.

"I'm sorry, mom, dad. I'm so, so sorry." I gasped, tears were running down my face but I brushed them away.

I would take this like a man.

The knife was sharp and slipped easily into the area of my own heart. It was agony unlike any that I had known before... But it would all be over now.

I sank to my knees and the world started to grow dark around me... Then... Nothing.

The End

Questions? Comments? Death threats? Well e-mail 'em to me!

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End
file.